

# The Listener

Published by the British Broadcasting Corporation  
Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> October 1929

## Points of View III - GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



Your Majesties, your Royal Highnesses, Your Excellencies, Your Graces and Reverences, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, fellow-citizens of all degrees - I am going to talk to you about Democracy, not from any point of view, but objectively; that is, as it exists in fact - as we must all reckon with it equally, no matter what our points of view may be.

Let me illustrate what I mean by this. Suppose I were to talk to you not about Democracy, but about the sea, which is in some respects rather like Democracy! We all have our own views of the sea. Some of us hate it and are never well when we are at it or on it. Others love it, are never so happy as when they are in it or on it or looking at it. Some of us regard it as Britain's natural realm and surest bulwark; others want a Channel Tunnel. But certain facts about the sea are quite independent of our feelings towards it. If I take it for granted that the sea exists, none of you will contradict me. If I say the sea is something furiously violent and always uncertain, and that those who are most familiar with it trust it least, you will not immediately shriek out that I do not believe in the sea; that I am an enemy of the sea; that I want to abolish the sea; that I am going to make bathing illegal; that I am out to ruin our carrying trade and lay waste all our seaside resorts and scrap the British Navy. If I tell you that you cannot breathe in the sea, you will not take that as a personal insult, and ask me indignantly if I consider you inferior to a fish. Well, you must please be equally sensible when I tell you some hard facts about Democracy. When I tell you it is sometimes furiously violent, that it is dangerous and treacherous, and that those who are familiar with it as practical statesmen trust it least, you must not at once denounce me as a paid agent of Signor Mussolini, or declare that I have become a Tory Die-hard in my old age, and accuse me of wanting to take away your vote and make an end of Parliament, and the franchise, and free speech, and public meeting, and trial by jury. Still less must you rise in your places and give me three rousing cheers as a champion of mediæval monarchy and feudalism. I am quite innocent of any such extravagances. All I mean is that whether we are Democrats or Tories, Catholics or Protestants, Communists or Fascists, we are all face to face with a certain force in the world called Democracy; and we must understand the nature of that force whether we want to fight it or to forward it.

Our business is not to deny the perils of Democracy, but to provide against them as far as we can, and then consider whether the risks we cannot provide against are worth taking.

And now to business. As Mr. Lowes Dickinson introduced Democracy, it was no more than a long word beginning with a capital letter, which he knew most of us would accept reverently without asking any questions about it. Now we should never accept anything reverently until we have asked it a great many very searching questions, the first two being What are you? And where do you live? When I put these questions to Democracy the answer I get is 'My name is Demos; and I live in the British Empire, the United States of America, and wherever the love of liberty burns in the heart of man. You, my friend Shaw, are a unit of Democracy: your name is also Demos; you are a citizen of a great democratic community; you are a potential constituent of the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world.' At this I usually burst into loud cheers, which do credit to my enthusiastic nature. Tonight, however, I shall do nothing of the sort. I shall say "Don't talk nonsense". My name is not Demos. It is Bernard Shaw. My address is not the British Empire, nor the United States of America, nor wherever the love of liberty burns in the heart of man. It is at such and such, a number in such and such, a street of London... and it will be time enough to discuss my seat in the Parliament of Man when

that celebrated institution comes into existence. I don't believe your name is Demos... nobody's name is Demos; and all I can make of your address, is that you have no address, and are just a tramp... if indeed you exist at all'. You will notice that I am too polite to call Demos a windbag, a gasbag, or a hot air merchant; but I am going to ask you to begin our study of Democracy tonight by considering it first as a big balloon, filled with gas or hot air, and sent up so that you shall be kept looking up at the sky whilst other people are picking your pockets. The balloon comes down to earth every five years or so and you are invited to get into the basket if you can throw out one of the people who are sitting tightly in to, but as you can afford neither the time nor the money, and there are forty millions of you and hardly room for six hundred in the basket, the balloon goes up again with much the same lot in it and leaves you just as you were before. I think that you will admit that the balloon as an image of Democracy does correspond roughly to the parliamentary facts.

Now let me examine a more poetic conception of Democracy. Abraham Lincoln is represented as standing amidst the carnage of the battlefield of Gettysburg and declaring that all that slaughter of Americans by Americans occurred in order that Democracy defined as government of the people for the people by the people, should not perish from the earth. Let us pick this famous peroration to pieces and see what there really is inside it. By the way, Lincoln did not really declaim it on the field of Gettysburg; and the American Civil War was not fought in defence of any such principle, but, on the contrary, to enable one half of the United States to force the other half to be governed as they did not want to be governed. But never mind that. I mentioned it only to remind you that it seems impossible for statesmen to make speeches about Democracy, or journalists to report them, without obscuring it in a cloud of humbug.

Now for the three articles of the definition. *Number one* - Government of the people: that evidently, is necessary: a human community can no more exist without a Government than a human being can exist without a co-ordinated control of its breathing and blood circulation. *Number two* - Government for the people - is more important. Dean Inge put it perfectly for us last Monday. He called it Democracy as a form of society which means equal consideration for all. He added that it is a Christian principle, and that, as a Christian, he believes in it. So do I. That is why I insist on equality of income. Equal consideration for a person with a hundred a year and one with a hundred thousand is impossible. But *number three* - Government by the people - is quite a different matter. All the monarchs, all the tyrants, all the dictators, all the Die-hard Tories are agreed that we must be governed. Democrats like the Dean and myself are agreed that we must be governed with equal consideration for everybody. But we repudiate number three on the ground that the people cannot govern. The thing is a physical impossibility. Every citizen cannot be a ruler any more than a boy can be an engine driver or a pirate king. A nation of prime ministers or dictators is as absurd as an army of field marshals. Government by the people is not and never can be a reality: it is only a cry by which demagogues humbug us into voting for them. If you doubt this, if you ask me 'Why should not the people make their own laws?' I need only ask you 'Why should not the people write their own plays?' It is much easier to write a good play than to make a good law. They cannot. There are not a hundred men in the world who can write a play good enough to stand daily wear and tear as long as a law must.

Now comes the question, If we cannot govern ourselves, what can we do to save our ourselves from being at the mercy of those who can govern, and who may quite possibly be thorough-paced grafters and scoundrels? The primitive answer is that as we are always in a huge majority we can, if rulers oppress us intolerably, burn their houses and tear them to pieces. This is not satisfactory. Decent people never do it until they have quite lost their heads; and when they have lost their heads they are likely as not to burn the wrong house and tear the wrong man to pieces. Besides, a mob can do nothing politically intelligent without a leader, even if he is only a ringleader; and a judgement and execution of a ruler or of a ruler's scapegoat is an act which requires a high degree of political intelligence. When we have what is called a popular movement very few people who take part in it know what it is all about. I once saw a real popular movement in London. People were running excitedly through the street. Everyone who saw them doing it immediately joined in the rush. They ran simply because everyone else was doing it. It was most impressive to see thousands of people sweeping along at full speed like that. There could be no doubt that it was literally a popular movement. I ascertained afterwards that it was started by a runaway cow. That cow had an important share in my education as a political philosopher; and I can assure you that if you will study crowds,



and lost and terrified animals, and things like that, instead of reading books and newspaper articles, you will learn a great deal about politics from them. Most general elections, for instance, are nothing but stampedes. Our last but one was a conspicuous example of this. The cow was a Russian one.

I think we may take it that neither mob violence nor popular movements can be depended upon as checks upon the abuse of power by governments. One might suppose that at least they would act as a last resort autocrat goes mad and commits outrageous excess of tyranny and cruelty. But it is a curious fact that they never do. Take two famous cases, those of Nero and Tsar Paul the First of Russia. If Nero had been an ordinary professional fiddler, he would probably been no worse a man than any member of the wireless orchestra. If Paul had been a lieutenant in a line regiment we should never have heard of him. But when these two poor fellows were invested with absolute powers over their fellow-creatures they went mad, and did such appalling things that they had to be killed like mad dogs. Only it was not the people that rose up that killed them. They were dispatched quite privately by a very select circle of their own bodyguards. For a genuinely democratic execute on of unpopular statement we must turn to the brothers De Witt, who were torn to pieces by a Dutch mob in the seventeenth century. They were neither tyrants nor autocrats. On the contrary, one of them had been imprisoned and tortured for his resistance to the despotism of William of Orange, and the other had come to meet him as he came out of prison. The mob was on the side of the autocrats. We may take it that the shortest way of a tyrant to get rid of a troublesome champion of liberty is to raise a hue and cry against him as an unpatriotic person, and leave the mob to do the rest after supplying them with a well tipped ringleader. Nowadays this is called direct action by the revolutionary proletariat. Those who put their faith in it soon find that proletariats are never revolutionary, and that their direct action, when it is controlled at all, is usually controlled by police agents.

Democracy, then, cannot be government by the people: it can only be government by consent of the governed. But, unfortunately, when democratic statesmen propose to govern us by our own consent, they find we don't want to be governed at all, and that we regard rates and taxes and rents and death duties as an intolerable burden. What we want to know is how little government we can get along with without being murdered in our beds. That question cannot be answered until we have explained what we mean by getting along. Savages manage to get along. Arabs and Tartars and Andaman Islanders get along. The only rule in the matter is the civilised way of getting along is the way of corporate action, not individual action; and corporate involves more government than individual action.

Thus government, which use to be a comparatively simple affair, to-day has to manage enormous development of Socialism and Communism. Our industrial and social life is set in a huge communistic framework of public roadways, streets, bridges, water supplies, power supplies, lighting, tramways, schools, dockyards and public aids and conveniences, employing prodigious army of police, inspectors, teachers and officials of all grades in hundreds of departments. We have found by bitter experience that it is impossible to trust factories, workshops and mines to private management. Only an elaborate code of laws enforced by constant inspection has stopped the waste of human life and welfare they cost when they were left uncontrolled by government. During the war our attempt to leave the munitioning of the army to private enterprise led us to the verge of defeat and caused the appalling slaughter of our soldiers. When the Government took the work out of private hands and had it done in national factories it was at once successful. The private firms were still allowed to do what little they could; but they had to be taught to do it economically, and to keep their accounts properly, by Government officials. Our big capitalist enterprises now run to the Government for help as a lamb runs to its mother. They cannot even make and extension of the Tube railway in London without Government aid. Unassisted private capitalism is breaking down or getting left behind in all directions. If all our Socialism and Communism, and the drastic taxation of unearned incomes which finances it were to stop, our private enterprises would drop like shot stags, and we should all be dead in a month. When Mr. Baldwin tried to win the last election by declaring that Socialism had been a failure whenever it had been tried, Socialism went over him like a steamroller and handed his office to a Socialist Prime Minister. My friend Dean Inge repeated Mr. Baldwin's statement. On that I have to ask him only one question, and that is where he expects to go when he dies? Nothing could save us in the war but a great extension of Socialism; and now it is clear enough that only still greater extension can repair the ravages of the war and keep pace of the growing requirements of civilisation.

What we have to ask ourselves to-night is not whether we will have Socialism and Communism or not, but whether Democracy can keep pace with the developments of both that are being forced on us by the growth of national and international corporate action.

Now corporate action is impossible without a governing body. It may be the central government, it may be a municipal corporation, a county council, a district council or a parish council. It may be the board of directors of a joint stock company, or of a trust made by combining several joint stock companies. Such boards, elected by the votes of the shareholders, are little States within the State, and very powerful ones, too, some of them. If they have not laws and kings, they have by-laws and chairman. And you and I, the consumers of their services, are more at the mercy of the boards that organise them than we are at the mercy of the Parliament. Several active politicians who began as Liberals and are now Socialists have said to me that they were converted by seeing that the nation had to choose not between governmental control of industry and control by separate private individuals kept in order by their competition for our custom, but between governmental control and control by gigantic trusts wielding great power without responsibility, and having no object but to make as much money out of us as possible. Our Government is at this moment having much more trouble with the private corporations on whom we are dependent for our coals and cotton goods than with France or United States of American. We are in the hands of our corporate bodies, public or private, for the satisfaction of all our everyday physical need. I need not labour this point; we all know it.

But what we do not all realise that we are equally dependent on corporate action for the satisfaction of our religious needs. The Dean told us last Monday that our general elections have become public auctions at which the contending parties bid against one another for our votes by each promising us a larger share than the other of the plunder of the minority. Now that is perfectly true. The contending parties do not as yet venture to put it exactly in those words; but that is what is come to. And the Dean's profession obliges him to urge his congregation which is much wider than that of St. Paul's (it extends across the Atlantic), always to vote for the party which pledges itself to go farthest in enabling those of us who have greater possessions to sell them and give the price to the poor. We cannot do this as private persons. It must be done by the Government or not at all. Take my own case. I am not a young man with great possessions; but I am an old man paying enough in super-tax and income tax to provide a dole for some hundreds of unemployed and old age pensioners. I have not the smallest objection to this; on the contrary, I advocated it as strongly as any good Christian for years before I had any income worth taxing. But I could not do it if the Government did not arrange it for me. If the Government ceased taxing my superfluous money and redistributing it among people who have no incomes at all, I could do nothing by myself. What could I do? Can you suggest anything? I could send my war bonds to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and invite him to cancel the part of the national debt that they represent; and he would undoubtedly thank me in the most courteous official terms for my patriotism. But the poor could not get any of it. The other payers of super-tax and income tax and death duties would save the interest they now have to pay on it: that is all. I should only have made the rich richer and myself poorer. I could burn all my share certificates and inform the secretaries of the companies that they might write off that much of the capital indebtedness. The result would be a bigger dividend for the rest of the shareholders, with the poor out in the cold as before. I might sell my War Bonds and share certificates for cash, and throw the money into the street to be scrambled for, but it would be snatch up, not by the poorest, but by the best fed and most able-bodied of the scrambler. Besides, if we all tried to sell our bonds and shares - and this what you have to consider, for Christ's advice was not addressed to me alone but to all who have great possessions - the result would be that their value would fall to nothing, as the Stock Exchange would immediately become a market in which there were all sellers and no buyers. Accordingly, any spare money that the Government leaves me is invest where I can get the highest interest and the best security, as thereby I can make sure that it goes where it is most wanted and given immediate employment. This is the best I can do without government interference: indeed any other way of dealing with my spare money would be foolish and demoralising; but the result is that I become richer and richer, and the poor become relatively poorer and poorer. So you see I cannot even be a Christian except through Government action; and neither can the Dean.



Now let us get down to our problem. We cannot govern ourselves yet if we entrust the immense powers and revenues which are necessary to an effective modern government to an absolute monarch or dictator, he goes more or less made unless he is quite extraordinary and therefore very seldom unobtainable person. Besides, it is not a one-man job: it is too big for that. If we resort to a committee or parliament of superior persons, they will set up an oligarchy and abuse their power for their own benefit. Our dilemma is that men in the lump cannot govern themselves; and yet, as William Morris put it, no man is good enough to be another man's master. We need to be governed, and yet to control our governors. But the best governors will not accept and control except that of their own consciences; and, we also are apt to abuse any power of control we have, our ignorance, our passions, our private and immediate interest are constantly in conflict with the knowledge, the wisdom, and the public spirit and regard for the future of our best qualified governors. But if we cannot control our governors, can we not at least choose them and change them if they do not suit?

Let me invent a primitive example of democratic choice. It is always best to take imaginary examples: they offend nobody. Imagine then that we are the inhabitants of a village. We have to elect somebody for the office of postman. There are several candidates; but one stands out conspicuously because he has frequently treated us at the public-house, subscribed a shilling to our little flower show, has a kind word for the children when he passes, and is a victim of oppression by the squire because his late father is one of our most successful poachers. We elect him triumphantly; and he is duly installed, uniformed, provided



with a red bicycle and given a batch of letters to deliver. As his motive in seeking the post has been pure ambition, he has not thought much beforehand about his duties; and it now occurs to him for the first time that he cannot read. So he hires a boy to come around with him and read the addresses. The boy conceals himself in the lane whilst the postman delivers the letters at the house, takes the Christmas boxes, and get the whole credit of the transaction. In course of time he dies with a high reputation for efficiency in the discharge of his duties; and we elect another equally illiterate successor on similar grounds. But by this time the boy has grown up and become an institution. He presents himself to the new postman as an establish and indispensable feature of the postal system, and finally becomes recognised and paid by the village as such.

Here you have a perfect image of a popularly elected Cabinet Minister and the civil service department over which he presides. It may work very well; for our post man, though illiterate, may a capable fellow and the boy who reads the addresses for him may be quite incapable of doing anything more. But this does not always happen. Whether it happens or not, the system is not a democratic reality: it is democratic illusion. The boy, when he has ability enough to take advantage of the situation, is the master of the man. The person elected to do the work is not really doing it: he is a popular humbug who is merely doing what a permanent official tells him to do. That is how it comes about that we are no governed by a civil service which has such enormous power that its regulations are taking the place of the laws of England, though some of them are made for the convenience of the officials without the slightest regard to the convenience or even the rights of the public. And how our civil servants selected? Mostly by an educational test which nobody but an expensively school youth can pass, thus making the post powerful and effective part of our government an irresponsible class government.

Now, what control have you or I over these services? We have votes. I have used mine a few times to see what it is like. Well, it is like this. When the election approaches two or three persons of whom I know nothing write to me soliciting my vote and enclosing a list of meetings, election address, and a polling card.

One of the addresses reads like an article in the Morning Post and has a Union Jack on it. Another is likely Daily News or Manchester Guardian. Both might have been compiled from the editorial wastepaper baskets of a hundred years ago. A third address, more up-to-date and much better written, convinces me that the sender has had it written for him at Eccleston Square, the headquarters Labour Party. A fourth, the hopelessly out-of-date of them all, contains scraps of the early English translations of the Communist Manifesto of 1848. I have no guarantee that any of these documents are written by the candidates. They convey nothing whatever to me as to the character or political capacity. The half-tone photographic portraits which adorn the front pages do not even tell me their ages, for they have generally been taken twenty years ago. If I go to one of these meetings, I find a school room packed with people who find an election meeting cheaper and funnier than theatre. On the platform sit one or two poor men who have worked hard to keep politics alive in the constituency. They ought to meet the candidates; but they have no more change of such eminence than they have of possessing a Rolls Royce car. They move votes of confidence in the candidate, though as the man – it is still usually a man – is a stranger to them and to everybody else present nobody can possibly feel any confidence in him. They lead the applause for him; they prompt him when questions are asked; and when he is completely floundering they jump up and cry, 'Let me answer that, Mr. Chairman', and then pretend that he has answered it. The old phrases and shibboleths are drone over; and nothing has any sense or reality in it except the vituperation of the opposition party, which is received with shouts of relief by the audience. But it is nothing but an exhibition of bad manners. If I vote for one of these gentlemen, and he is elected, I am supposed to be enjoying a democratic control of the government – to be exercising government of myself for myself, by myself. Do you wonder that the Dean cannot believe such nonsense? If I believed it I should not be fit to vote at all. If this is Democracy and liberty, then who can blame Signor Mussolini for describing it as a putrefying corpse.

The candidates may ask me what more they can do for me but present themselves and answer any questions I may put to them. I quite admit that they can do nothing; but that does not mend matters. What I should like is a real test of their capacity. Shortly before the war a doctor in San Francisco discovered that if a drop of a candidate's blood can be obtained on a piece of blotting paper it is possible to discover within half an hour what is wrong with him physically. What I am waiting for is the discovery of a process by which on delivery of a drop of his blood or a lock of his hair we can ascertain what is right with him mentally. We could then have a graded series of national panels of capable persons for all employments, including that of members of public authorities; and not allow any person to undertake such employment unless he was on the appropriate panel of persons qualified to take part in a parish meeting; at the higher end a panel of persons qualified to act as Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs and Finance Ministers. At present not more than two per thousand of the population would be available for the highest panel. I should then be in no danger of electing a postman and finding that he could neither read nor write. My choice of candidates would be much more restricted than at present; but I do not desire liberty to choose windbags and nincompoops to represent me in Parliament; and my power to choose between one qualified candidate and another would give me as much control as is either possible or desirable. The voting and counting would be done by machinery; I should connect my telephone with the proper office, touch a button, and the machinery would do the rest.

Pending such a completion of the American doctor's discovery, how are we to go on? Well, as best we can, with the sort of government that our present system produces. Several reforms are possible without any new discovery. Our present Parliament is obsolete: it can no more do the work of a modern State than Julius Caesar's galley could do the work of the 'Mauritania'. We need two or three central parliaments and several regional ones to cope with the work and to maintain as much contact as possible between us and the bodies that really govern us.

I must conclude by warning you that when everything has been done that can be done, civilisation will still be dependent on the consciences of the governors and the governed. Our natural dispositions may be good; but we have been badly brought up and are full of anti-social personal ambitions and prejudices and snobberies. Had we not better teach our children to be better citizens than ourselves? We are not doing that at the present. The Russians are. That is my last word. Think over it.

*(The above is the verbatim report of Mr. Shaw's talk broadcast on October 14 from the 5PY studio in Plymouth)*



## “A Listener’s Commentary

The past week has been Mr Shaw’s. There are all sorts of difficulties in embarking upon the subject of Mr Shaw, and perhaps the greatest of them is to know where to stop. A minor difficulty is to know where to begin. I will make a rash start by asking rhetorically whether there is anybody else in the country who could have got the same effect out of a broadcast talk as Mr Shaw got out of his talk, the third of the ‘Points of View’ series on October 14<sup>th</sup>.

I am inclined to add the words ‘a magnificent performance!’ and be done with it. What, after all, is one to say about Mr Shaw at this time of day that he himself has not said a score of times? The faithful will understand pretty well what I mean, but lest this seem a back-handed sort of complement in those who are less discerning, let me add further that I have never heard Mr Shaw in better form than he was on this occasion.

It was a memorable talk, simple, original, marvellously well-reasoned, and as witty, I think, as the faithful could have hoped or expected. As for Mr Shaw’s merits as a broadcaster-well, I expect there were a good many listeners who were dumb with admiration. I remember hearing a gentlemen engaged in advertising say of the author of *All Quiet of the Western Front*, “What a fine copy-writer he’d make!” The remark was doubtless pardonable in the circumstances, and one might similarly be tempted to say that Mr Shaw would make an admirable announcer. Let me leave it at that.

If this ‘Points Of View’ series achieved nothing else, the majority of listeners would feel, I believe, that Mr Shaw’s talk had been a searchlight on the use of the microphone as an instrument of political education.

9.20  
**BERNARD SHAW  
 GIVES HIS  
 POINT OF VIEW**

**MONDAY, OCTOBER 14**  
**2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY**

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

9.50  
**THE HART HOUSE  
 STRING  
 QUARTET**

10.15 a.m. **THE DAILY SERVICE**  
 10.30 (*Daventry only*) **TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH ;  
 WEATHER FORECAST**  
 10.45 'Commonsense in Household Work'—VI.  
 Mrs. WINIFRED SPIELMAN RAPHAEL: 'Clever  
 Cleaning'

11.0 (*Daventry only*) **Gramophone Records**  
 11.0-11.30 (*London only*)  
 Experimental Television Transmission by  
 the Baird Process

12.0 **A Ballad Concert**  
 WINIFRED CAMPBELL (*Soprano*)  
 SPENCE MALCOLM (*Violin*)

12.30 **Organ Music**  
 Played by  
 EDWARD O'HENRY  
 Relayed from Tussaud's  
 Cinema

1.0 **LIGHT MUSIC**  
 MOSCHETTO and his  
 ORCHESTRA  
 From the MAY FAIR HOTEL

1.0 (*Daventry only*)  
 Pianoforte Interlude  
 1.15-2.0 (*Daventry only*)  
**THE NATIONAL OR-  
 CHESTRA OF WALES**  
*S.B. from Cardiff*

2.0 **FOR SCHOOLS**  
 Professor HAROLD E. BUT-  
 LER: 'Latin Reading—  
 Virgil; Cicero; Horace'

2.20 **Interlude**  
 2.30 Miss RHODA POWER:  
 'Days of Old; The Middle  
 Ages—IV, Boon Day in  
 the Village'

3.0 **Interlude**  
 3.5 Miss RHODA POWER: 'Stories for Younger  
 Pupils—IV, Why the Hare has a Split Lip  
 (Tibetan)'

3.20 **Interlude**  
 3.25 (*Daventry only*) **Fishing Bulletin**

3.30 **DANCE MUSIC**  
 JACK PAYNE  
 and THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

4.15 **LIGHT MUSIC**  
 ALPHONSE DU CLOS  
 and his ORCHESTRA  
 From the Hotel Cecil

5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**  
 Piano Solos played by CECIL DIXON  
 'No Wings,' from 'Five Children and It'  
 (*E. Nesbit*)  
 Selections from the 'Little People's Song-book'  
 (*Gravel*), sung by VIVIANNE CHATTERTON  
 'The Sea Horses' (*Stephen Southwold*)

6.0 'Careers for Boys and Girls'—II. Mr.  
 F. E. DRURY, Principal of the L.C.C. School of  
 Building, Brixton: 'Building'

Mr. F. E. DRURY is Principal of the London  
 County Council School of Building, Brixton. In  
 this talk, the second of the series, he will explain  
 some of the developments which have just  
 occurred in connection with openings in the  
 building trade.

6.15 'The First News'  
 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORE-  
 CAST; FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 **Musical Interlude**

6.45 **THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC**  
 SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE MUSIC  
 Played by  
 GERTRUDE PEFFERCORN  
 Faschingschwank aus wien (Viennese Carnival  
 Merriment)

SCHUMANN began his musical career at a very early  
 age; when he made his first appearance in public  
 as a pianist he was such a little fellow that he had to  
 stand up at the keyboard instead of sitting down.  
 But it was intended that he should become a  
 lawyer and he had reached the age of twenty  
 before deciding to take up music as his profession.  
 Along with poetry, it had been his chief interest

7.0 Mr. JAMES AGATE: Dramatic Criticism

7.15 **Musical Interlude**

7.25 Dr. A. R. PASTOR; Spanish Talk

7.45 **An Orchestral Concert**  
 THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA  
 Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON  
 GERTRUDE PEFFERCORN (*Pianoforte*)

ORCHESTRA  
 Overture, 'Il Seraglio' ..... Mozart  
 'Pot Pourri' (A Cycle of Fragments)  
 Gerard Williams

8.3 GERTRUDE PEFFERCORN and Orchestra  
 Andante Spianato and  
 Polonaise ..... Chopin

8.15 ORCHESTRA  
 Suite, 'Capriol'  
 Peter Warlock  
 Basse-Danse, Pavane,  
 Tordion, Bransles, Pieds-  
 en-l'air, Matta-china

8.25 GERTRUDE PEFFERCORN  
 Selected Piece

8.35 ORCHESTRA  
 Theme and Variations  
 (Suite in G) Tchaikovsky

9.0 'The Second News'  
 WEATHER FORECAST;  
 SECOND GENERAL NEWS  
 BULLETIN; Local News;  
 (*Daventry only*) Shipping  
 Forecast; and Fat Stock  
 Prices

9.20 'POINTS OF VIEW'  
 —III  
 By BERNARD SHAW

9.50 **Chamber Music**

THE HART HOUSE STRING QUARTET  
 ROGER CLAYSON (*Tenor*)

QUARTET  
 Quartet in E Minor ..... Elgar

10.25 ROGER CLAYSON  
 Absence ..... Berlioz  
 Nell ..... Fauré  
 An eine Quelle (To a Spring) ..... Schubert  
 An die Laute (To the Lute) .....  
 The Fiddler of Dooney ..... Dunhill  
 Pretty Ring Time ..... Peter Warlock

10.40 QUARTET  
 Two Hungarian Folk Songs .... Ferenc Szabo  
 Two French-Canadian Folk Songs  
 Ernest Macmillan

(a) Notre Seigneur en Pauvre  
 (b) A Saint Malo

11.0 **DANCE MUSIC**  
 TEDDY BROWN and his BAND  
 From CIRO'S CLUB

12.0 to 12.15 a.m.  
 Experimental Transmission of Still Pictures  
 by the Fultograph Process

(Monday's Programmes continued on page 105.)

**Points of View, III.**  
**GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.**

THE dry vintage of Mr. Shaw's philosophy  
 of life has matured through many full  
 years, since the days of that first novel 'entitled  
 with merciless fitness *Inmaturity*, which was  
 cast aside and 'nibbled by mice—though even  
 the mice failed to finish it' (these comments  
 are Mr. Shaw's). For more than seventy years,  
 as land-agent's clerk, music critic, journalist,  
 novelist, playwright, and Socialist, he has  
 observed the world around him with keen  
 detachment, emerging from time to time to  
 fight particular battles and right particular  
 wrongs with wit as his weapon. Mr. Shaw is  
 too alive—and too Irish—ever to have become  
 'set' in his attitude towards life. From his  
 recent utterances we sense that, even at the  
 age of seventy-three, his point of view is  
 adjusting itself towards changing circumstances.  
 None of us can be sure what 'G. B. S.' will  
 have to say tonight. We only know that it  
 will be very interesting.

[From a drawing by Low, by permission of 'The New Statesman']



in life, and his studies in law, although nominally  
 carried on for three years, were sadly neglected  
 in consequence. Having taken the plunge, he set  
 himself with tremendous zeal to become a front  
 rank artist, and as a short-cut to mastery of the  
 instrument, invented a device for strengthening  
 the weak fingers. There are no short-cuts, as  
 Schumann discovered to his cost; the invention  
 completely crippled one of his fingers, so that all  
 thought of a pianist's career had to be abandoned.  
 He was able to play all his life, but with only  
 nine fingers instead of ten, a handicap which he  
 rightly regarded as insuperable. He turned his  
 attention instead to composition and literature,  
 combining the two with a success which has very  
 seldom been achieved by any one man, and doing  
 work in both which is destined to have a permanent  
 influence.

In spite of his misfortune, he knew the piano-  
 forte extremely well, and his music for it exploits  
 its resources in a way which no former composer  
 had thought of doing. He obtains effects of  
 richness and fullness which had not before been  
 dreamed of; many of his pianoforte pieces have  
 almost the bigness of orchestral effect. Many,  
 even the smallest of them, have poetic bases,  
 though it is supposed rather that the names he  
 gave them were added after the pieces were  
 completed than that he wrote the music to  
 illustrate any definite poetic idea. It matters  
 but little; even though the listener does not  
 know the name of a piece of Schumann's which  
 he is hearing, it always has for him a message of  
 its own.

